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THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LV. POLPENNO

POLWENNING, the seat of Mr. Tregear, Frank's father, was close to the borough of Polpenno—so close that the gates of the grounds opened into the town. As Silverbridge had told his father, many of the Tregear family had sat for the borough. Then there had come changes, and strangers had made themselves welcome by their money. When the vacancy now occurred a deputation waited upon Squire Tregear, and asked him to stand. The deputation would guarantee that the expense should not exceed—a certain limited sum. Mr. Tregear for himself had no such ambition. His eldest son was abroad, and was not at all such a man as one would choose to make into a Member of Parliament. After much consideration in the family, Frank was invited to present himself to the constituency. Frank's aspirations in regard to Lady Mary Palliser were known at Polwenning, and it was thought that they would have a better chance of success if he could write the letters M.P. after his name. Frank acceded, and as he was starting wrote to ask the assistance of his friend Lord Silverbridge. At that time there were only nine days more before the election, and Mr. Carbottle, the Liberal candidate, was already living in great style at the Camborne Arms.

Mr. and Mrs. Tregear and an elder sister of Frank's, who quite acknowledged herself to be an old maid, were very glad to welcome Frank's friend. On the first morning of course they discussed the candidates' prospects. "My best chance of

success," said Frank, "arises from the fact that Mr. Carbottle is fatter than the people here seem to approve."

"If his purse be fat," said old Mr. Tregear, "that will carry off any personal defect." Lord Silverbridge asked whether the candidate was too fat to make speeches. Miss Tregear declared that he had made three speeches daily for the last week, and that Mr. Williams the rector, who had heard him, declared him to be a godless dissenter. Mrs. Tregear thought that it would be much better that the place should be disfranchised altogether, than that such a horrid man should be brought into the neighbourhood. "A godless dissenter!" she said, holding up her hands in dismay. Frank thought that they had better abstain from allusion to their opponent's religion. Then Mr. Tregear made a little speech. "We used," he said, "to endeavour to get some one to represent us in Parliament, who would agree with us on vital subjects, such as the Church of England and the necessity of religion. Now it seems to be considered ill-mannered to make any allusion to such subjects!" From which it may be seen that this old Tregear was very conservative indeed.

When the old people were gone to bed the two young men discussed the matter. "I hope you'll get in," said Silverbridge. "And if I can do anything for you of course I will."

"It is always good to have a real member along with one," said Tregear.

"But I begin to think that I am a very shaky Conservative myself."

"I am sorry for that."

"Sir Timothy is such a beast," said Silverbridge.

"Is that your notion of a political opinion?"

Are you to be this or that in accordance with your own liking or disliking for some particular man? One is supposed to have opinions of one's own."

"Your father would be down on a man because he is a dissenter."

"Of course my father is old-fashioned."

"It does seem so hard to me," said Silverbridge, "to find any difference between the two sets. You who are a true Conservative are much more like to my father, who is a Liberal, than to your own, who is on the same side as yourself."

"It may be so, and still I may be a good Conservative."

"It seems to me in the House to mean nothing more than choosing one set of companions or choosing another. There are some awful cads who sit along with Mr. Monk—fellows that make you sick to hear them, and whom I couldn't be civil to. But I don't think there is anybody I hate so much as old Beeswax. He has a contemptuous way with his nose which makes me long to pull it."

"And you mean to go over in order that you may be justified in doing so. I think I soar a little higher," said Tregear.

"Oh, of course. You're a clever fellow," said Silverbridge, not without a touch of sarcasm.

"A man may soar higher than that without being very clever. If the party that calls itself Liberal were to have all its own way, who is there that doesn't believe that the Church would go at once, then all distinction between boroughs, the House of Lords immediately afterwards, and after that the Crown?"

"Those are not my governor's ideas."

"Your governor couldn't help himself. A Liberal party, with plenipotentiary power, must go on right away to the logical conclusion of its arguments. It is only the conservative feeling of the country which saves such men as your father from being carried headlong to ruin by their own machinery. You have read Carlyle's French Revolution?"

"Yes, I have read that."

"Wasn't it so there? There were a lot of honest men who thought they could do a deal of good by making everybody equal. A good many were made equal by having their heads cut off. That's why I mean to be member for Polpenno, and to send Mr. Carbottle back to London. Carbottle probably doesn't want to cut anybody's head off."

"I daresay he's as conservative as anybody."

"But he wants to be a member of Parliament; and, as he hasn't thought much about anything, he is quite willing to lend a hand to communism, radicalism, socialism, chopping people's heads off, or anything else."

"That's all very well," said Silverbridge, "but where should we have been if there had been no Liberals? Robespierre and his pals cut off a lot of heads, but Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth locked up more in prison." And so he had the last word in the argument.

The whole of the next morning was spent in canvassing, and the whole of the afternoon. In the evening there was a great meeting at the Polwenning Assembly Room, which, at the present moment, was in the hands of the Conservative party. Here Frank Tregeare made an oration, in which he declared his political convictions. The whole speech was said at the time to be very good; but the portion of it which was apparently esteemed the most, had direct reference to Mr. Carbottle. Who was Mr. Carbottle? Why had he come to Polpenno? Who had sent for him? Why Mr. Carbottle rather than anybody else? Did not the people of Polpenno think that it might be as well to send Mr. Carbottle back to the place from whence he had come? These questions, which seemed to Silverbridge to be as easy as they were attractive, almost made him desirous of making a speech himself.

Then Mr. Williams, the rector, followed, a gentleman who had many staunch friends and many bitter enemies in the town. He addressed himself chiefly to that bane of the whole country—as he conceived them—the godless dissenters; and was felt by Tregeare to be injuring the cause by every word he spoke. It was necessary that Mr. Williams should liberate his own mind, and therefore he persevered with the godless dissenters at great length—not explaining, however, how a man who thought enough about his religion to be a dissenter could be godless, or how a godless man should care enough about religion to be a dissenter.

Mr. Williams was heard with impatience, and then there was a clamour for the young lord. He was the son of an ex-Prime Minister, and therefore, of course, he could speak. He was himself a Member of Parliament, and therefore could speak. He had boldly severed himself from the faulty political tenets of his family, and therefore, on such an occasion as this, was peculiarly entitled to speak.

When a man goes electioneering he must speak. At a dinner-table to refuse is possible ; or in any assembly convened for a semi-private purpose, a gentleman may declare that he is not prepared for the occasion. But in such an emergency as this, a man—and a Member of Parliament—cannot plead that he is not prepared. A son of a former Prime Minister who had already taken so strong a part in politics as to have severed himself from his father, not prepared to address the voters of a borough whom he had come to canvass ! The plead was so absurd, that he was thrust on to his feet before he knew what he was about.

It was in truth his first public speech. At Silverbridge he had attempted to repeat a few words, and in his failure had been covered by the Sprugeons and the Sprouts. But now he was on his legs in a great room, in an unknown town, with all the aristocracy of the place before him ! His eyes at first swam a little, and there was a moment in which he thought he would run away. But, on that morning, as he was dressing, there had come to his mind the idea of the possibility of such a moment as this, and a few words had occurred to him. "My friend Frank Tregear," he began, rushing at once at his subject, "is a very good fellow, and I hope you'll elect him." Then he paused, not remembering what was to come next; but the sentiment which he had uttered appeared to his auditors to be so good in itself, and so well delivered, that they filled up a long pause with continued clapping and exclamations. "Yes," continued the young Member of Parliament, encouraged by the kindness of the crowd, "I have known Frank Tregear ever so long, and I don't think you could find a better Member of Parliament anywhere." There were many ladies present, and they thought that the duke's son was just the person who ought to come electioneering among them. His voice was much pleasanter to their ears than that of old Mr. Williams. The women waved their handkerchiefs and the men stamped their feet. Here was an orator come among them ! "You all know all about it just as well as I do," continued the orator, "and I am sure you feel that he ought to be member for Polpenno." There could be no doubt about that as far as the opinion of the audience went. "There can't be a better fellow than Frank Tregear, and I ask you all to give three cheers for the new member." Ten times three cheers were given, and the Car-

bottleites outside the door, who had come to report what was going on at the Tregear meeting, were quite of opinion that this eldest son of the former Prime Minister was a tower of strength. "I don't know anything about Mr. Carbottle," continued Silverbridge, who was almost growing to like the sound of his own voice. "Perhaps he's a good fellow too." "No ; no ; no. A very bad fellow indeed," was heard from different parts of the room. "I don't know anything about him. I wasn't at school with Carbottle." This was taken as a stroke of the keenest wit, and was received with infinite cheering. Silverbridge was in the pride of his youth, and Carbottle was sixty at the least. Nothing could have been funnier. "He seems to be a stout old party, but I don't think he's the man for Polpenno. I think you'll return Frank Tregear. I was at school with him—and I tell you, that you can't find a better fellow anywhere than Frank Tregear." Then he sat down, and I am afraid he felt that he had made the speech of the evening. "We are so much obliged to you, Lord Silverbridge," Miss Tregear said as they were walking home together. "That's just the sort of thing that the people like. So reassuring, you know. What Mr. Williams says about the dissenters is of course true ; but it isn't reassuring."

"I hope I didn't make a fool of myself to-night," Silverbridge said, when he was alone with Tregear—probably with some little pride in his heart.

"I ought to say that you did, seeing that you praised me so violently. But, whatever it was, it was well taken. I don't know whether they will elect me ; but had you come down as a candidate, I am quite sure they would have elected you." Silverbridge was hardly satisfied with this. He wished to have been told that he had spoken well. He did not, however, resent his friend's coldness. "Perhaps, after all, I did make a fool of myself," he said to himself as he went to bed.

On the next day, after breakfast, it was found to be raining heavily. Canvassing was of course the business of the hour, and canvassing is a business which cannot be done indoors. It was soon decided that the rain should go for nothing. Could an agreement have been come to with the Carbottleites, it might have been decided that both parties should abstain, but, as that was impossible, the Tregear party could not afford to lose the day. As Mr. Carbottle, by reason of his fatness and

natural slowness, would perhaps be specially averse to walking about in the slush and mud, it might be that they would gain something; so after breakfast they started with umbrellas—Tregear, Silverbridge, Mr. Newcomb the curate, Mr. Pinebott the Conservative attorney, with four or five followers, who were armed with books and pencils, and who ticked off on the lists of voters the names of the friendly, the doubtful, and the inimical.

Parliamentary canvassing is not a pleasant occupation. Perhaps nothing more disagreeable, more squalid, more revolting to the senses, more opposed to personal dignity, can be conceived. The same words have to be repeated over and over again in the cottages, hovels, and lodgings of poor men and women, who only understand that the time has come round in which they are to be flattered instead of being the flatterers. "I think I am right in supposing that your husband's principles are conservative, Mrs. Bubbs." "I don't know nothing about it. You'd better call again and see Bubbs hissel." "Certainly, I will do so. I shouldn't at all like to leave the borough without seeing Mr. Bubbs. I hope we shall have your influence, Mrs. Bubbs." "I don't know nothing about it. My folk at home allays vote buff; and I think Bubbs ought to go buff too. Only mind this; Bubbs don't never come home to his dinner. You must come arter six, and I hope he's to have some'at for his trouble. He won't have my word to vote unless he have some'at." Such is the conversation in which the candidate takes a part, while his escort at the door is criticising his very imperfect mode of securing Mrs. Bubbs's good wishes. Then he goes on to the next house, and the same thing with some variation is endured again. Some guide, philosopher, and friend, who accompanies him, and who is chief of the escort, has calculated on his behalf that he ought to make twenty such visitations an hour, and to call on two hundred constituents in the course of the day. As he is always falling behind in his number he is always being driven on by his philosopher, till he comes to hate the poor creatures to whom he is forced to address himself, with a most cordial hatred.

It is a nuisance to which no man should subject himself in any weather. But, when it rains, there is superadded a squalor and an ill humour to all the party which makes it almost impossible for them not to quarrel before the day is over. To talk politics to

Mrs. Bubbs under any circumstances is bad, but to do so with the conviction that the moisture is penetrating from your great-coat through your shirt to your bones, and that while so employed you are breathing the steam from those seven other wet men at the door, is abominable. To have to go through this is enough to take away all the pride which a man might otherwise take from becoming a Member of Parliament. But to go through it, and then not to become a member, is base indeed! To go through it, and to feel that you are probably paying at the rate of a hundred pounds a day for the privilege, is most disheartening. Silverbridge, as he backed up Tregear in the uncomfortable work, congratulated himself on the comfort of having a Mr. Sprurgeon and a Mr. Sprout who could manage his borough for him without a contest.

They worked on that day all the morning till one, when they took luncheon, all reeking with wet, at The King's Head—so that a little money might be legitimately spent in the cause. Then, at two, they sallied out again, vainly endeavouring to make their twenty calls within the hour. About four, when it was beginning to be dusk, they were very tired, and Silverbridge had ventured to suggest that as they were all wet through, and as there was to be another meeting in the Assembly Room that night, and as nobody in that part of the town seemed to be at home, they might perhaps be allowed to adjourn for the present. He was thinking how nice it would be to have a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and then lounge till dinner time. But the philosophers received the proposition with stern disdain. Was his lordship aware that Mr. Carbottle had been out all day from eight in the morning, and was still at work; that the Carbottleites had already sent for lanterns and were determined to go on till eight o'clock among the artisans who would then have returned from their work? When a man had put his hand to the plough, the philosophers thought that that man should complete the furrow!

The philosophers' view had just carried the day, the discussion having been held under seven or eight wet umbrellas at the corner of a dirty little lane leading into the High Street; when suddenly, on the other side of the way, Mr. Carbottle's party made its appearance. The philosophers at once informed them that on such occasions it was customary that the

rival candidates should be introduced. "It will take ten minutes," said the philosophers; "but then it will take them ten minutes too." Upon this Tregear, as being the younger of the two, crossed over the road, and the introduction was made.

There was something comfortable in it to the Tregear party, as no imagination could conceive anything more wretched than the appearance of Mr. Carbottle. He was a very stout man of sixty, and seemed to be almost carried along by his companions. He had pulled his coat-collar up and his hat down till very little of his face was visible, and in attempting to look at Tregear and Silverbridge he had to lift up his chin till the rain ran off his hat on to his nose. He had an umbrella in one hand and a stick in the other, and was wet through to his very skin. What were his own feelings cannot be told, but his philosophers, guides, and friends would allow him no rest. "Very hard work, Mr. Tregear," he said, shaking his head.

"Very hard indeed, Mr. Carbottle." Then the two parties went on, each their own way, without another word.

CHAPTER LVI. THE NEWS IS SENT TO MATCHING.

THERE were nine days of this work, during which Lord Silverbridge became very popular, and made many speeches. Tregear did not win half so many hearts, or recommend himself so thoroughly to the political predilections of the borough—but nevertheless he was returned. It would probably be unjust to attribute this success chiefly to the young lord's eloquence. It certainly was not due to the strong religious feelings of the rector. It is to be feared that even the thoughtful political convictions of the candidate did not altogether produce the result. It was that chief man among the candidates, guides, and friends, that leading philosopher who would not allow anybody to go home from the rain, and who kept his eyes so sharply open to the pecuniary doings of the Carbottleites, that Mr. Carbottle's guides and friends had hardly dared to spend a shilling—it was he who had in truth been efficacious. In every attempt they had made to spend their money they had been looked into and circumvented. As Mr. Carbottle had been brought down to Polpenno on purpose that he might spend money—as he had nothing but his money to recommend him, and as he had not spent it—the free and independent electors of the borough had not seen

their way to vote for him. Therefore the Conservatives were elate with their triumph. There was a great Conservative reaction. But the electioneering guide, philosopher, and friend, in the humble retirement of his own home—he was a tailor in the town, whose assistance at such periods had long been in requisition—knew very well how the seat had been secured. Ten shillings a head would have sent three hundred true Liberals to the ballot-boxes! The mode of distributing the money had been arranged; but the Conservative tailor had been too acute, and not half a sovereign could be passed. The tailor got twenty-five pounds for his work, and that was smuggled in among the bills for printing.

Mr. Williams, however, was sure that he had so opened out the iniquities of the dissenters as to have convinced the borough. Yes; every Salem and Zion and Ebenezer in his large parish would be closed. "It is a great thing for the country," said Mr. Williams.

"He'll make a capital member," said Silverbridge, clapping his friend on the back.

"I hope he'll never forget," said Mr. Williams, "that he owes his seat to the Protestant and Church-of-England principles, which have sunk so deeply into the minds of the thoughtful portion of the inhabitants of this borough."

"Whom should they elect but a Tregear!" said the mother, feeling that her rector took too much of the praise to himself.

"I think you have done more for us than anyone else," whispered Miss Tregear to the young lord. "What you said was so reassuring!" The father before he went to bed expressed to his son, with some trepidation, a hope that all this would lead to no great permanent increase of expenditure.

That evening, before he went to bed, Lord Silverbridge wrote to his father an account of what had taken place at Polpenno.

"Polwinning, 15th December.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Among us all we have managed to return Tregear. I am afraid you will not be quite pleased, because it will be a vote lost to your party. But I really think that he is just the fellow to be in Parliament. If he were on your side I'm sure he's the kind of man you'd like to bring into office. He is always thinking about those sort of things. He says that if there were no Conservatives, such Liberals as you and Mr. Monk would be destroyed by the Jacobins. There is something in that. Whether a man is a Conservative or not himself, I suppose there ought to be

Conservatives." The duke as he read this made a memorandum in his own mind that he would explain to his son that every carriage should have a drag to its wheels, but that an ambitious soul would choose to be the coachman rather than the drag.

"It was beastly work!" The duke made another memorandum to instruct his son that no gentleman above the age of a schoolboy should allow himself to use such a word in such a sense. "We had to go about in the rain up to our knees in mud for eight or nine days, always saying the same thing. And of course all that we said was bosh." Another memorandum—or rather two, one as to the slang, and another as to the expediency of teaching something to the poor voters on such occasions. "Our only comfort was that the Carbottle people were quite as badly off as us." Another memorandum as to the grammar. The absence of Christian charity did not at the moment affect the duke. "I made ever so many speeches, till at last it seemed to be quite easy." Here there was a very grave memorandum. Speeches easy to young speakers are generally very difficult to old listeners. "But of course it was all bosh." This required no separate memorandum.

"I have promised to go up to town with Tregear for a day or two. After that I will stick to my purpose of going to Matching again. I will be there about the 22nd, and will then stay over Christmas. After that I am going into the Brake country for some hunting. It is such a shame to have a lot of horses and never to ride them!—Your most affectionate son,

"SILVERBRIDGE."

The last sentence gave rise in the duke's mind to the necessity of a very elaborate memorandum on the subject of amusements generally.

By the same post another letter went from Polpenno to Matching which also gave rise to some mental memoranda. It was as follows :

"MY DEAR MABEL,—I am a member of the British House of Commons! I have sometimes regarded myself as being one of the most peculiarly unfortunate men in the world, and yet now I have achieved that which all commoners in England think to be the greatest honour within their reach, and have done so at an age at which very few achieve it but the sons of the wealthy and the powerful.

"I now come to my misfortunes. I know

that as a poor man I ought not to be a Member of Parliament. I ought to be earning my bread as a lawyer or a doctor. I have no business to be what I am, and, when I am forty, I shall find that I have eaten up all my good things instead of having them to eat.

"I have one chance before me. You know very well what that is. Tell her that my pride in being a Member of Parliament is much more on her behalf than on my own. The man who dares to love her ought at any rate to be something in the world. If it might be—if ever it may be—I should wish to do something for her sake. I am sure you will be glad of my success yourself, for my own sake.—Your affectionate friend and cousin,

"FRANCIS TREGEAR."

The first mental memorandum in regard to this came from the writer's assertion that he, at forty, would have eaten up all his good things. No! He, being a man, might make his way to good things though he was not born to them. He surely would win his good things for himself. But what good things were in store for her? What chance of success was there for her? But the reflection which was the most bitter to her of all came from her assurance that his love for that other girl was so genuine. Even when he was writing to her there was no spark left of the old romance! Some hint of a recollection of past feelings, some half-concealed reference to the former passion might have been allowed to him! She as a woman—as a woman all whose fortune must depend on marriage—could indulge in no such allusions; but surely he need not have been so hard!

But still there was another memorandum. At the present moment she would do all that he desired, as far as it was in her power. She was anxious that he should marry Lady Mary Palliser, though so anxious also that something of his love should remain with herself! She was quite willing to convey that message—if it might be done without offence to the duke. She was there with the object of ingratiating herself with the duke. She must not impede her favour with the duke by making herself the medium of any secret communication between Mary and her lover.

But how should she serve Tregear without risk of offending the duke? She read the letter again and again, and, thinking it to be a good letter, she determined to show it to the duke.

"Mr. Tregear has got in at Polpenny," she said on the day on which she and the duke had received their letters.

"So I hear from Silverbridge."

"It will be a good thing for him, I suppose."

"I do not know," said the duke coldly.

"He is my cousin, and I have always been interested in his welfare."

"That is natural."

"And a seat in Parliament will give him something to do."

"Certainly it ought," said the duke.

"I do not think that he is an idle man." To this the duke made no answer. He did not wish to be made to talk about Tregear. "May I tell you why I say all this?" she asked softly, pressing her hand on the duke's arm ever so gently. To this the duke assented, but still coldly. "Because I want to know what I ought to do. Would you mind reading that letter? Of course you will remember that Frank and I have been brought up almost as brother and sister."

The duke took the letter in his hand and did read it, very slowly. "What he says about young men without means going into Parliament is true enough." This was not encouraging, but as the duke went on reading, Mabel did not think it necessary to argue the matter. He had to read the last paragraph twice before he understood it. He did read it twice, and then folding the letter very slowly gave it back to his companion.

"What ought I to do?" asked Lady Mabel.

"As you and I, my dear, are friends, I think that any carrying of a message to Mary would be breaking confidence. I think that you should not speak to Mary about Mr. Tregear." Then he changed the subject. Lady Mabel of course understood that, after that, she could not say a word to Mary about the election at Polpenny.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SHAKESPEARE'S comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, first published in the folio edition of his plays, 1623, was founded upon an earlier play bearing date 1594, and described upon its title-page as a pleasant, conceited history called *The Taming of a Shrew*, as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants; printed at London by Peter Short, and to be sold by Cuthbert

Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. The scene of *The Taming of the Shrew* is laid at Padua; the scene of *The Taming of a Shrew* is laid at Athens, and the names of the characters are a mixture of Greek, Latin, Italian, English, and Scotch. Shakespeare assigns his Baptista two daughters, Katharine and Bianca; in the earlier work Alfonso, the prototype of Baptista, is given three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylena, whose suitors are named respectively Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus, Polidor, and Ferando. Kate is wooed and tamed by Ferando, as Katharine by Petruchio. Ferando's servant is called Saunders, and corresponds with Petruchio's man Grumio. The old play opens with an Induction, in which appear "a nobleman and his men from hunting," a tapster, Slie, two players "with packs on their backs," and a boy. The dialogue is not identical, but there is close resemblance between the incidents of the two comedies, a certain variation in the underplots being allowed for. The scenes of the marriage, of the starving of the heroine, of the throwing of the dinner about the stage, the interviews with the tailor and the haberdasher, the wager about the wives' obedience, and the happy conclusion: these are common to both plays. It is to be observed, however, that Shakespeare after the first act apparently forgets Sly, for whose entertainment the comedy is supposed to be performed, and makes no provision for his removal from the scene. In the elder work the awakening of Sly is exhibited, with his amazement on finding that the players have departed, and that he is not really a lord.

The author of *The Taming of a Shrew* has not been discovered. The work has been ascribed now to Greene and now to Marlowe, now to Dekker and now to Kyd; but no evidence is forthcoming on the subject. Tieck's suggestion that the comedy was a youthful essay of Shakespeare's, and that after a lapse of years he wrote his play anew, has not found much acceptance. It is more credible that in this, as in other instances, the poet availed himself of an earlier production, treating it as a sketch or outline, to be enriched with colour and otherwise fortified and adorned. And further, there seems reason to believe that Shakespeare was assisted in the task of revising and improving. Mr. Payne Collier satisfied himself that "Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes in which Katharine

and Petruchio are not engaged," and attributed the underplot of the play to William Haughton, the author of a comedy called *Englishmen for my Money*, produced prior to 1598. Mr. Furnival holds that *The Taming of a Shrew* was re-written, but not, as in the case of *King John*, entirely by Shakespeare. "An adapter, who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first re-cast the old play, and then Shakespeare put into the re-cast the scenes in which Katharine, Petruchio, and Grumio appear." Coleridge and Sidney Walker were also of opinion that large portions of the play were not by the master's hand. But, as the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare have stated, it is impossible now to discriminate what parts of the play are due to the poet and what to another writer. A connection has been presumed to exist between the subject of *The Taming of the Shrew* and a part of the plot of *The Supposes*, a comedy translated by George Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, and represented at Gray's Inn in 1566. In his *History of English Poetry*, Warton states that a collection of comic stories by Richard Edwards, dated 1570, included one dealing with the incidents of the Induction. Edwards's collection is not extant as a whole; a fragment has been discovered, however, containing *The Waking Man's Fortune*, a tale of Philip Duke of Burgundy. This corresponds with the adventures of Christopher Sly. A very similar story is also related in Gouart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, and in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624. But, in truth, the incidents of Sly's supposed dream may be traced back to the story of *The Sleeper Awakened*, in *The Arabian Nights*.

It has been assumed that Shakespeare's version of the subject soon became popular and drove from the stage the earlier edition of the comedy. Records of the theatrical performances in Shakespeare's time are very scanty, however; and it is only in regard to one or two of the least important parts that the first cast of *The Taming of the Shrew* can now be set forth. But from a stage direction in the first folio, it seems that one Sincklo represented one of the players who enter in the first scene of the Induction. Sincklo's name does not occur in the list of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's company, printed at the beginning of the first folio; but it is clear that he was a performer

accustomed to sustain inferior characters upon the stage at that time. He was one of the actors in the second part of *Henry the Fourth*; the quarto edition of that play, published in 1600, containing a stage direction: "Enter Sincklo and three or four officers." In the third part of *Henry the Sixth*, there is also a stage direction: "Enter Sincklo and Humfrey with crossbowes in their hands." Sincklo is further known to have figured as an actor in the Induction to Marston's play of *The Malcotent*. It has been suggested that he sustained the character of Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, after representing a player in the Induction. His christian name was William, he lived in Cripplegate, and his children were baptised at St. Giles's Church in that parish in 1610 and 1613. His name appears as Sincklowe and Sinckley in the parish registers; but Mr. Payne Collier makes no doubt of his identity, and assumes moreover that he had been an actor under Henslowe and Alleyn at *The Fortune*, and resided near their theatre, continuing there after he had joined the king's players. The servant, who enters in the first scene of the third act of *The Taming of the Shrew*, has the name of Nicke assigned to him in the first folio. It has been suggested by Steevens that the servant was personated by Nicholas Tooley, who at a later period became one of the Principal Actors. It may be, however, that the company contained more than one player answering to the name of Nick or Nicholas.

Under date the 9th April, 1667, Mr. Pepys records in his diary: "To the king's house, and there saw *The Taming of a Shrew*, which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, Sawny, done by Lacy, hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood by me." On the 1st November he writes: "To the king's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one—*The Taming of a Shrew*." The play seen by Pepys was printed in 1668, and was entitled *Sawney the Scot; or, The Taming of a Shrew*. Shakespeare's comedy had been clumsily and shamefully adapted by John Lacy, one of the most admired comedians of the time. "He performed all parts he undertook to a miracle," writes Langbaine, "insomuch that I am apt to believe that as this age never had, so the next never will have, his equal—at least, not his superior." His portrait, now at Windsor Castle, was painted for Charles the

Second, who greatly approved the actor. Evelyn styles him Roscius; he was famous for his performance of Frenchmen, Scots, and Irishmen, fine gentlemen, and fools, rogues, and simpletons; he was the original representative of Bayes in The Rehearsal, of Teague in The Committee, of Alderman Gripe in Love in a Wood, and of Tartuffe in the first English version of Molière's comedy. He had been a dancing-master, it was said, and was possessed of a rare shape of body and good complexion. In converting Grumio into a Scotchman, Lacy may have been chiefly moved by a desire to exhibit his command of that northern accent which rendered his words unintelligible to Mr. Pepys; the adapter may, however, have looked into the play of 1594, and there found that the hero's servant bore the Scottish name of Sanders. There is nothing in the old play to show that a Scottish accent was required of the representative of Sanders, but stage tradition to that effect may have existed. Lacy changed the names of several of the characters, calling the heroine Margaret instead of Katharine; removed the scene from Padua to London; reduced the dialogue from verse to prose, and provided a new last act. Margaret, the shrew, returned to her father's house, ventures upon a further struggle for superiority. She scolds till she is tired, and then becomes sullen and silent. Petruchio proceeds to bury her alive; her fears constrain her to submit to his authority. Sawny is an amplified Grumio, and is charged with much additional humour of a coarse and vulgar sort. The Induction is dispensed with. Lacy dying in 1681, the part of Sawny, upon the revival of the adaptation at Drury Lane in 1698, was allotted to Bullock; Powell appearing as Petruchio; Mrs. Verbruggen as Margaret; and Mrs. Cibber, the wife of Colley, as Bianca; other characters were sustained by Mills, Johnson, Haines, and Pinkethman. Bullock was probably much approved as Sawny. He was playing the part at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1725, with the assistance of Ogden, Hippisley, Spiller, and Mrs. Egerton. Apparently, Lacy's adaptation did not endure after that date.

Meanwhile there had been other dealings with Shakespeare's comedy. During the rebellion of 1715 a certain Jacobitical cobbler at Preston had so distinguished himself that he had become quite a public character. Thereupon it occurred to two playwrights to convert the cobbler's

adventures to dramatic use in connection with the story of Christopher Sly, as set forth in the Induction to The Taming of the Shrew. Mr. Charles Bullock, the comedian, learning that a farce was in rehearsal at Drury Lane, founded upon Shakespeare, and called The Cobbler of Preston, thought to serve the Lincoln's Inn Fields' stage by anticipating and rivalling the production. So on Friday morning, January 20, 1716, he set to work, as he relates, at a farce of his own bearing the same title, finished it on the morrow, and produced it on the Tuesday following; "which expedition," he hoped, "would be an excuse for the many faults in it." He avoided the names of Shakespeare's characters, calling his hero Toby Guzzle; but he made considerable use of the original text. His farce obtained some sixteen performances, was published, and found many readers; a fifth edition of it being printed in 1767. The Drury Lane Cobbler of Preston, by Charles Johnson, the author of a score of other plays and adaptations, was produced on February 3, 1716, and acted about ten times. The hero, who retains the name of Kit Sly, was played by Pinkethman. A prologue was delivered satirising the Pretender; and there are many political allusions in the play, with especial abuse of the Jacobites. At the conclusion, when Sly is about to be hanged for a share in the rebellion, he protests that for the future he will be careful "to mix loyalty with his liquor." Bullock's farce was reproduced at Covent Garden in 1738, Pinkethman personating Toby Guzzle; and again in 1759 with Shuter as the hero. Johnson's Cobbler of Preston was played at Drury Lane so lately as 1817; Munden appearing as Kit Sly. The political allusions were suppressed or modified, while some songs and a trifling love-episode were added.

On the 18th March 1754, the occasion being the benefit of Mrs. Pritchard, after a performance of the tragedy of Jane Shore, a new comedy in three acts, called Catherine and Petruchio was presented. This was Garrick's alteration or abridgment of The Taming of The Shrew. Mrs. Pritchard represented Catherine, with Woodward as Petruchio, and Yates as Grumio. After one performance the play seems to have been laid aside for nearly two years. But on the 21st January, 1756, Garrick submitted a curious entertainment to the patrons of Drury Lane. He produced a version of the Winter's Tale with nearly

three of its five acts omitted, and added to this his Catherine and Petruchio, which he now described as a farce. Woodward and Yates resumed the characters they had sustained in 1754, but the part of Catherine was now undertaken by Mrs. Clive. Garrick added little of his own to the play beyond a few lines at the end ; he omitted what Mr. Genest describes as "the weak parts" of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and has thereby, the same authority maintains, "made the best after-piece on the stage." Tom Davies found Woodward's acting as Petruchio to be more wild, extravagant, and fantastical than the author had designed it to be, insomuch that Mrs. Clive, "though a perfect mistress of Catherine's humour," seemed to be quite over-borne by his "extravagant and triumphant grotesque." The actress had good reason to complain of her playfellow's violence if all accounts be true. "In one of his mad fits, when he and his bride are at supper, Woodward stuck a fork, it is said, in Mrs. Clive's finger ; and in pushing her off the stage he was so much in earnest that he threw her down." Davies adds : "As it is well known that they did not greatly respect one another, it was believed that something more than chance contributed to these excesses." Tate Wilkinson also reports to the like effect and concludes : "Mrs. Clive was so enraged at her fall, that her talons, tongue, and passion were very expressive to the eyes of all beholders, and it was with the utmost difficulty Kate suppressed her indignation." The condensed comedies were played together for twelve nights, Garrick supplying a comic prologue applicable to the occasion. He likened the theatre to a tavern, *The Shakespeare's Head*, and compared the poet's plays to champagne, slightly adulterated with perry :

In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mixed for filling up.

The manager's final boast drew down the censures of the critical :

Lest then this precious liquor run to waste
'Tis now confined and bottled to your taste,
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

He had lost so many "drops" in reducing and adapting the plays ! Garrick's Catherine and Petruchio became a stock-piece, however, and even now retains its place in the repertory of acting dramas.

In 1757 Catherine and Petruchio was presented at Covent Garden for the first time on the benefit night of Mrs. Gregory,

better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Fitzhenry, an admired tragic actress at that date. Having played Lady Macbeth, she appeared as Catherine in the after-piece, with Shuter for her Petruchio. In 1774 Mrs. Green, the daughter of the comedian Hippisley, on the occasion of her benefit played Catherine, Lewis undertaking Petruchio for the first time, and Shuter "for that night only" personating Grumio. Poor Mrs. Spranger Barry having unwisely married a third husband, Mr. Crawford, a young Irish barrister of profligate disposition, now toiled to convert him into an actor. She secured him an engagement at Drury Lane, and on his benefit night played her famous part of Lady Randolph to his Douglas, and Catherine to his Petruchio. He obtained little distinction upon the stage, however, while in private he squandered his wife's earnings, neglected her, and broke her heart. Moreover, her fame had steadily declined, as the success of Mrs. Siddons became more and more decided. Mrs. Crawford critically distinguished the schools of acting of her time. "The Garrick school," she said, "was all rapidity and passion ; while the Kemble school is so full of paw and pause, that at first the performers, thinking that their new competitors had either lost their cues or forgotten their parts, used frequently to prompt them."

It had become almost a custom to produce Catherine and Petruchio on benefit nights. In 1788 the entertainments for John Kemble's benefit consisted of Jane Shore, and Catherine and Petruchio ; Kemble appeared as Hastings and Petruchio ; Mrs. Siddons was the Jane Shore and Catherine of the night, Baddeley playing Grumio at this time. Genest notes : "Kemble played Petruchio very well ; Mrs. Siddons acted with spirit, but did not seem at home in the character." She repeated the performance, however, for her own benefit soon afterwards. Boaden holds that the comedy was never better acted than upon this occasion, "if you could get over the conviction that such a physiognomy as that of the actress never could belong to a termagant. Of a petulant, spoiled girl the transformation might be credited. The incidents are farcical, and the whip and the crockery make noise enough for the joke sake—but there never could be an atom of farce in Mrs. Siddons." In later years Kemble played Petruchio to the Catherine of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Kemble, formerly Miss De

Camp. Munden now and then appeared as Grumio, and Liston contrived to render the little part of the tailor important and most comical. Kean seems to have avoided the character of Petruchio. Young was wont occasionally to assume the part, and, in one of his Essays upon the Drama, Mr. Donne specially commends the Petruchio of Charles Kemble.

In 1828, at Covent Garden, *The Taming of the Shrew*, manipulated by Frederick Reynolds, was presented with the addition of songs and musical embellishments, assuming, indeed, the form of an opera. The Induction was suppressed, but there was some restoration of other portions of the text. Wallack played Petruchio, the Catherine being Miss Fanny Ayrton, who had lately been singing with applause at the Italian Opera House; Harley appeared as Grumio, Cooper as Tranio, Bland as Lucentio, and Paul Bedford as the Pedant. Braham, in the character of Hortensio, introduced certain of his most admired songs. The operatised comedy was only performed four times.

In 1844, during Mr. Webster's management of the Haymarket Theatre, *The Taming of the Shrew* was presented in its integrity for the first time since the Restoration. Not only was the revival reverently textual, but an attempt was made with the assistance and under the supervision of Mr. Planché, to produce the play precisely after the manner of its exhibition at the Globe or Blackfriars Theatre in the lifetime of the poet. The stage of the Haymarket represented an Elizabethan theatre; the scene was not shifted during the whole performance; the walls were hung with tapestry which was duly labelled "Padua; a public place," "a room in Baptista's house," "a hall in Petruchio's country-house," as the action of the drama required; a servant entering in the pauses of the performance charged with the duty of changing and suspending these inscriptions in the presence of the audience. The characters in the Induction, the lord, his page, and Christopher Sly, occupied seats in the foreground of the stage as spectators of the comedy. Mrs. Nisbett proved herself a most attractive shrew; and the Petruchio of Mr. Webster and the Grumio of Mr. Buckstone were received with fervent applause. The success of the revival was complete; the comedy enjoyed frequent repetition. Nevertheless, the experiment of playing Shakespeare in strict accordance with the method of the Eliza-

bethan stage has not again been ventured upon.

The Taming of the Shrew was carefully revived by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells, in 1856. The actor had once or twice personated Petruchio in Garrick's arrangement of the comedy, but now restoring the Induction, he resigned Petruchio to Mr. Marston and essayed the character of Christopher Sly. The play was liberally furnished with scenery and costumes, for this was not a reproduction of the antiquarian sort. In his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, Mr. Henry Morley highly lauds Mr. Phelps's Sly, noting as an interesting point in the performance, the subtle touches, "easy to appreciate but hard to follow, by means of which the uncompromising truth of the portraiture of a man buried and lost in his animal nature is made subservient to the laws of art; the sketch, too, being clearly the more accurate for being humorous; throughout we laugh and understand." Hazlitt has confessed his great predilection for Sly, taking him to be of kin, not many degrees removed, to Sancho Panza. There was something of Sancho Panza in Mr. Phelps's Christopher. Mr. Morley dwells upon the details of his acting and its many well-conceived suggestions. "Thus to the invitation, 'Willt please your mightiness to wash your hands?' Christopher, when he has grasped the fact that a basin is being held before him in which he must wash, enters upon such a wash as sooty hands of tinkers only can require, and, having made an end of washing and bespattering, lifts up instinctively the corner of his velvet robe to dry his hands upon. The stupidity of Sly causes his disappearance from the stage in the most natural way, after the play itself has warmed into full action. He has, of course, no fancy for it, is unable to follow it, stares at it, and falls asleep over it. The effort of imagination acts upon him as a sleeping-draught, and at the end of the first act he is so fast asleep that it becomes a matter of course to carry him away. The Induction thus insensibly fades into the play, and all trace of it is lost by the time that a lively interest in the comedy itself has been excited."

There has been no later performance of the complete work, although of Catherine and Petruchio, even in recent years, the stage has known many reproductions. One of these, at Astley's, may be worth noting because of its conversion of Shakespeare's comedy into an equestrian drama. "Real

horses" were freely introduced, and an attempt was made to illustrate Biondello's description of Petruchio's stud, and Grumio's narrative of the misadventures in the saddle of the bride and bridegroom. The comedy now comes upon the stage as a German opera, the music by the late Herr Goetz, and the text rendered from the German translation back again into English, the poet suffering considerably in the process. But the success of the opera has been complete.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

THERE are few persons who do not take an unflagging interest in the almost endless list of hospitals of which Great Britain can boast; and, indeed, the hospital practice of the metropolis in particular has grown to really enormous dimensions, and is likely still further to extend. It will not, we hope, ever reach the standard of Paris, where, it has been said, one-third of the whole of the deaths which occur take place in the wards of some public institution; but, however far short of this it may be, beyond all doubt a very large number of us depend upon the hospitals for medical attendance. Nevertheless it is a very curious fact, and most surgeons will confirm my assertion, that the extremely poor, the squalid abject poor, do not frequent the hospitals, and, except in a few localities, may be said never to be seen there. It was for them, surely, that the hospital was meant; but it is as though we were cursed with the charmed bullets in *Der Freischütz*; everything we design and spend our wealth upon, in charity or religion, almost invariably misses the class for which it is aimed, and finds the one above it.

In hospital practice one great abuse is evident, even to those who merely glance at the matter. Many of the patients who attend can certainly afford to pay a doctor—we speak now, of course, of out-patients. On a casual visit to an hospital no great while back, we saw the wife of a tradesman who has a large and apparently prosperous business; she, assuredly, had no right in the waiting-room of an hospital. It is said of one eminent surgeon that he was very much annoyed to see such well-to-do people in attendance for gratuitous aid; and so, when any of the number came in, he would make an appeal to them on behalf of the hospital funds. If they said, as they commonly did, that they were poor,

he would urge that they could give a little; any trifling donation would do, if only to show their gratitude to the institution; the result was, invariably, a bowl full of silver at the close of the day. The same surgeon also observed another rule; he would never see railway-men, policemen, or soldiers. For all these he said, truly enough, special provision is made, and the general hospital ought only to be for those who cannot get attended elsewhere. Now, however, it is by no means a rare event to see several of each class in the waiting-room.

To wait a very long time is too often a painful necessity at our large hospitals; nor can it be otherwise, when, perhaps, several hundreds of patients have to be seen by two doctors. And in some hospitals the places set apart for the patients' waiting are very bad indeed—draughty, cold, and altogether inconvenient. It is utterly impossible, to begin with, that a man can see six or seven score patients in succession with the same attention and benefit to them that he would devote to patients in his private practice, and yet, if he does not do this, what is he there for? The failing implied here is almost openly acknowledged, and even the patients themselves, who have been any considerable time on the books, know the difference between early and late interviews. They will say: "He's a knocking of 'em off sharp now!" or women will say: "I hope I shall see Mr. —— early to-day, for I think my Polly's worse, and he ain't in such a hurry the first thing in the morning." Again, the delay prevents men from coming. The man has to earn his own and his family's bread; he cannot lose a whole day to get medicine, let him want it as he may; so his disease, creeping on bit by bit, is neglected. Hence, too, it is that so large a proportion of the out-patients are women and children; and we assure the reader that no more painful sight, short of actual suffering, can be seen than the tired anxious forms and faces of these poor things, who will get to the hospital before ten o'clock in the morning, and not leave it in some cases until between five and six in the afternoon.

As a matter of course the benefits get abused in various ways—in various odd ways, too, for the reader would hardly guess that some persons grow into a habit of coming to the hospitals for medicine, and seem quite unable to leave it off. At a very large hospital a man had taken pills, always the same repeated, for some obscure

disease, so long and so freely, that he had provided himself with a sort of box, like a large bodkin-case, for carrying them. He presented himself regularly for a series of years at the hospital, got his bodkin-case filled with equal regularity, and with equal regularity took his pills. A medical friend declares that he has known the same "mixture repeated" to go on for half a year at a stretch, which is absurd, because some change in the disease must certainly have taken place in that time; but even if it were not so, by such persistent soaking with one remedy the system would become used to it, and it would do but little good or harm. Like any other dram, unless increased it would cease to stimulate. This "repeat mixture" is often the result of the substitution of a young surgeon for the doctor whose name is on the rota, as well as being the natural consequence of seeing a multitude of patients in a short time. When the young man sees that his senior, whose superior skill he does not question, has ordered a certain mixture, deference to his chief prevents him from altering it, or from going very deep in his enquiries. While with all patients this is wrong, with little children it is particularly hazardous, for their symptoms change so rapidly, and their diseases are so obscure, that the healing medicine of yesterday is worse than useless to-day.

Such patients as the man quoted above do not have their faith in medicine easily shaken. Some will take more than ordered if they feel a little worse, as did one patient within our knowledge, who was prescribed a dose which would have emptied his bottle in six days. He drank the whole in just half the time, and, with the air of a man who had done a very meritorious thing, presented himself and his prescription to the dispenser for another supply. He explained that as he did not feel quite so well he thought he would increase the dose. As prussic acid was freely used in the draught—freely for so potent an agent—he was most solemnly warned as to what such experiments were likely to end in.

No matter what the drug may be, how expensive, or how new, if the physician thinks it desirable, the patient has it, and has it pure. Take, for instance, the case of our most recent introduction—chloral. Directly its value was ascertained it was used, so far as our knowledge goes, in every hospital in the kingdom, although at a substantial addition to the expenses. So with its older soother

of pain—opium. For opium no real substitute can be found; and in spite of the prejudice against it, it seems to hold its own, and, in fact, to be more used than ever. At the hospitals opium is prescribed whenever required, and always has been so, just as freely as when it was cheaper; and no alteration was made even during a remarkable advance in price. In one season it advanced so much that one ounce of opium cost as large a sum as ten years before would have purchased three ounces. This was in a great measure the result of a large commercial speculation. The most eminent of all the Jewish financiers is supposed to have made profits excessive even for his house, by purchasing, in one very unfavourable season, the whole of the crops from the opium districts of Asia Minor; and nearly every ounce of opium used here comes from thence. There was no more in the market, and the result may be guessed—there was no longer much fear of any poor wretch committing suicide with a pennyworth of laudanum. As a final remark on the subject of prescriptions, it may be said, on the authority of every doctor who has attended hospitals in poor districts, that the true elixir would be found in a regimen which should combine plenty of work with plenty of food. Poverty, as usual, has to answer for the greatest amount of suffering.

We have often wondered how it is that the hospital authorities, so liberal in many things, are so parsimonious in others; in the matter of bottles and corks especially. Within our own experience we have known cases where the gift of the bottle would have been as purely an act of charity as the gift of the medicines themselves, and we could never understand why the line was drawn so rigidly. With such harsh rigidity, we may say; for we have known a poor woman obliged to go away, with her sick child in her arms, without the medicine, because she had not the twopence at which each bottle was charged. To a poor soul like this, twopence often represents an important proportion of a day's earnings—earnings foregone for one day to enable her to see the doctor. It seems more ridiculous than mean to fix the charge for pill-boxes at one halfpenny; if medicine is to be supplied, one would think something might also be supplied to hold it. We have known a poor foreigner come with his prescription, and when told that he must find the bottle, be overwhelmed with confusion at having to own that he had not a farthing wherewith

to buy one. There is always sympathy among the poor, and those who were waiting with him subscribed the requisite twopence. A coal-heaver, too, who had just broken his finger, came in to have it set and dressed, and he also was charged twopence for the bottle to contain the necessary lotion. It is said that the patients would sell the bottles if the hospital found them; but surely this could be obviated by the self-evident expedient of marking them with the name of the hospital. Again, the patient might fairly be charged for all bottles supplied after the first one, so that if he lost, broke, or sold them, he would have to replace them.

Let us, on dismissing the out-patients, as a parting word, advise the reader who may wish to observe the working of the hospital out-patient practice, not to select one of the days set apart for skin diseases; not only will he see how loathsome are the forms which disease can take, and carry home with him the remembrance of spectacles which will haunt him for months, but he may possibly carry home something else; he may have more opportunity of studying some skin affections than he cares for. On these days sulphur ointment is in such request that we have seen a woman bring a good-sized basin to contain her supply; beyond all doubt it was for family consumption.

There is much less variety about the in-patients of an hospital than there is with the out-patients, as will easily be believed. Every kind of disease, and every degree of severity, is represented in the latter; but in the former it is not so. Not only are the diseases, or casualties, which send the patient to the wards of an hospital fewer in number than those which fill the waiting-room, but only the most serious cases among these find their way in.

The most interesting subject by far, in connexion with the in-patients, is the nursing; so important is this, and so generally is it now recognised as being the great essential of an hospital, that in every description of such institutions it would probably hold the first place. But this was not always so; too often it seemed to be thought that anybody would do for a nurse, and anything would pass for nursing; hospitals always had nurses, no doubt, but they were a very different class of women to the present staff, and under

very different discipline. Forty years back, one nurse to six beds was thought a very liberal allowance; the proportion more often observed being about one nurse to twelve beds, as the staff had to be on duty by night and by day; and so little was understood of the real duties of a nurse, that she was expected to scrub the floors of the ward, and do most of a housemaid's work. The average now is about one nurse to three beds, which is even a greater improvement than it seems.

But not so much in number as in character have the nurses changed for the better. Formerly, unless the patient were sufficiently wealthy to fee the head-nurse of the ward, it was but little kindness he met with; there was just enough attention to enable her to defeat any complaint against her on the score of neglect, a complaint few patients of the poorer class were ill-advised enough to make. If an inmate had money or good friends, there was plenty of indulgence, and a somewhat obtrusive solicitude was shown. In most hospitals they give valuable prizes to the young surgeons for attention and kindness to the patients, and a testimonial of this kind tells more in favour of a young beginner than almost any other, and it is strange that it never struck anybody, until quite recently, that something of the kind was desirable for nurses. Where, under the old order of things, the head-nurse was a kind, conscientious woman—and of course there were a good many of these—all was very well, and such a person would do her duty anywhere; but a bad, ill-tempered head-nurse made the wards places of torture for patients and nurses both. We remember a mild and amiable nurse being driven to self-destruction by the persecution and tyranny of her superior, who was literally execrated by the patients.

Some hospitals have allowed charitable or religious institutions to supply the nurses, and, under due restrictions, the system has been found to work very well. The nurses themselves are of incomparably higher standing than those of the old brigade; indeed, the visitor may sometimes see a lady by title doing all the routine work of an ordinary nurse. When "sisters" are employed, they are not paid individually, but the institution which furnishes them receives a gross sum for their services. The only objection we ever heard urged against these ladies was that they

had a desire to proselytise, but upon due remonstrance they usually gave up the practice. Even, however, if they had such a weakness, it could scarcely be worse than the intolerance which used, very often, to be displayed in the wards. A very near relative of our own, having met with a dreadful accident, was carried to the nearest hospital, where he remained for several months. He was much mortified and very indignant at the chaplain snatching from his hands one day a newspaper—an ordinary London paper—which he declared to be an instrument of the devil, and not proper to be read. A chaplain would have some courage who would venture to imitate this conduct nowadays.

Many persons have a great horror of the idea of becoming an inmate of an hospital, but it is only a platitude to say that for all serious surgical cases there are no places equal to them; not only have the patients surgeons of the highest skill in attendance, but they have a multitude of appliances which could not be found in the wealthiest of houses. One of the objections urged against hospitals is that some of them have erysipelas in their walls, and that, consequently, fewer patients survive operations or injuries which cause open wounds than should be the case. This idea is generally pooh-poohed by the faculty, but deny it as they may, there seems some ground for the belief. One magnificent institution has an especially bad name for this; the bricks with which a portion of it was built were, for economy's sake, taken from another hospital just pulled down, and—so runs the story—the edifice was tainted from the first. Erysipelas in wounds is certainly more common than, according to scientific expectation, it ought to be. Whether the disease can lurk in the bricks or not we cannot say, but beyond all doubt extraordinary precautions have been taken, and extraordinary experiments tried on the walls of this building, as though something malignant were there, and in spite of all, the proportion of deaths from erysipelas is too large.

Those who have never enquired into the subject would probably be surprised to find what a wave of casualties, as one may say, will roll into an hospital, and how there seems to be a sort of rule in them. In one establishment, not very long ago, they admitted seven cases of broken legs in one day. Suicides, too, often come in batches; at any rate, if a case of attempted suicide

be admitted into an hospital, it is generally followed, shortly after, by one or two others; and these cases require incessant attention. Often the desire, or mania, for self-destruction remains when the patient is apparently recovering; and when this happens, he will often elude the utmost vigilance. We never saw, on or off the stage, a more striking melodramatic figure than that of a very dark-complexioned young Frenchman, whom we can almost see now, stalking sullenly down the ward in St. —'s Hospital, wrapped in his blanket. He had tried to destroy himself in the presence of his sweetheart, who had discarded him, and his determined aspect caused a belief in the patients who lay near him that when he got well he would be avenged either on her or on himself. He did not wait for this. One night the man who slept in the next bed called the nurse's attention to a "dropping noise," as he described it. She heard it also, and on going to the Frenchman's bed, found that he had torn off his bandages, and that the "dropping" was his blood soaking through the clothes and falling upon the floor. He died.

It makes the heart glow to think how well children are now provided for, compared with those of a couple of generations back. Not only are there now several establishments entirely devoted to their complaints, but some general hospitals have special wards for them; these are always fitted up cheerfully, with plenty of pictures and plenty of toys. But the majority of the young patients are not, as a rule, in for accidents, although these are numerous enough; scrofula, as often as anything, is the affliction. Excepting in these young cases, hospitals will not receive patients suffering under chronic diseases. About two months is commonly allowed in such complaints when the ordinary hospitals do admit them on a subscriber's letter; after that time the patient is dismissed as incurable. Were it not for such a rule, the rheumatic patients—another barred class—would fill all the hospitals in London; for, from some cause which we do not pretend to explain, this scourge is increasing in severity and extent every year. Rheumatic fever is sometimes taken in, and to this form of the malady railway men and bakers are particularly subject—more so than are omnibus men or policemen, who, from their exposure, one would expect to have almost a monopoly of the disorder.

Sometimes rheumatism, when of long standing, actually compels the amputation of a limb; if the reader deems this an impossibility, he will not be more sceptical than we were on first hearing the statement. Without going into a scientific explanation, it may be said that the seat of rheumatism is supposed to be the periosteum or that tough, parchment-like skin which every one must have noticed round the rib-bones of beef. By the continual irritation of this mysterious disease this covering is worn away, and no longer prevents the bones from playing on each other, with dreadful pain, and with a fretting which soon sets up an inflammation in the bones themselves, and then there is no remedy but amputation. "Amputation" has a terrible sound, but it is often a swift remedy for ceaseless pain. We have known a man consent to amputation of a toe to relieve himself from the torture, only to be appreciated by fellow-sufferers, of a soft corn. All was arranged for the operation, but symptoms of amendment under fresh treatment became visible, and eventually the patient got rid of his affliction.

Next to hydrophobia, the disease which creates most terror in the popular mind is lock-jaw—and with justice. But we only mention it here to show that "tetanus" is woefully misunderstood, and to notice also a certain legend almost universally repeated in the treatment of this disease in hospitals—the same legend showing a profound ignorance as to what "lock-jaw" really means. We are told how a patient was brought in with his—or more often her—jaw locked, and how Sir Somebody was sent for, and everything was done without avail, and how the patient—generally an extremely rich old gentleman, or a beautiful young lady—was gradually sinking, when a young doctor suggested that two of the sufferer's teeth should be forced out. This was done; the patient was fed with wine and gruel until the jaw unlocked, and the disease yielded. In such cases the story generally goes that, where feasible, the patient marries the young surgeon; where this is not possible, leaves him an immense fortune.

We had intended to say something about hospitals for special diseases, but space forbids. There can be little doubt, however, that fever hospitals ought to be special, especially for typhus. The great marvel is the comparative impunity with which the nurses tend the patients in

these hospitals. You seldom hear of one of them dying, although they breathe the air poisoned by the most malignant fever known in Europe.

We were about to add that in these hospitals, above all other places, life depends upon the vigilance of the nurses, but we can remember such an astonishing proof to the contrary that we hesitate to give such an opinion. A gentleman—now or recently living—was "down" with typhus fever, and was an inmate of a well-known fever hospital. Two nurses were assigned to him, for he was in the crisis of the disorder—the ninth day, we believe—and he was very violent. As, however, he appeared to have fallen asleep, one of the women left the room to fetch a book or some work, but scarcely was she out of sight when the patient sprang from his bed, and easily overpowering the remaining nurse, shut her in the room, and locked the door. With nothing on but a long flannel shirt he hurried swiftly downstairs, and reached the grounds attached to the hospital without being seen. It was a summer night, but the heaviest storm of rain which had been known in that locality for many years was falling—an absolute deluge. The grass was fully knee-deep, as it was about to be mown; through this he waded, avoiding the paths and the gate, until he reached the boundary wall, which was about nine feet high, and covered with broken glass. In one corner a small shed had been erected against the wall; on this he mounted, clambered up, and dropped on the other side, then hurried on through the storm until he reached a police-station. The lights and life here probably made an impression on his fevered brain, for he entered, and asking for the inspector, to whom he was well known, boldly assured him that the hospital was on fire from basement to roof, and that he had just made his escape. The officers believed his story, every available man was turned out and hurried off to the building, the patient meanwhile being divested of his dripping flannel shirt, wrapped in rugs, and laid before a good fire. Of course the police found no symptoms of fire on their arrival, although there was confusion enough in the hospital. The flight of the patient having been discovered, the porters were searching for him in the shrubberies and outhouses, never deeming it possible that he could have climbed the wall, and were amazed at hearing that he was at the station. The strangest part of it all is that the patient

grew well rapidly, and we believe lives to this day—a proof that a trifling variation in the treatment of typhus is sometimes successful.

WHO WAS PRESTER JOHN ?

THE daily newspapers have lately published a singular narrative concerning a Mongol living just beyond the Great Wall of China, and possessing a rare old Stradivarius violin. Mongolia, almost inaccessible as it is from any of the great centres of travel, is one of the least known among the old countries of the world. Hence the surprise felt at the presence there of one of the choicest Italian violins. According to the statement, the Mongol dwells in the town of Kuku-Khotan, the "Blue Town." Whether the delicate instrument has been possessed by his ancestors for generations past, handed down as an heir-loom in the family hut or tent, is one of the questions waiting for solution. Possibly some European traveller in Central Asia, taking this precious fiddle among his baggage, was waylaid by marauding Tartars or Mongols, who robbed and perhaps killed him. The native in Kuku-Khotan, we are told, has made over the musical instrument to some Roman Catholic missionaries, on condition that the proceeds of its sale in Europe shall be devoted to the erection of religious almshouses or asylums.

But the interesting point in this narrative, apart from the fiddle episode, is conveyed in the following words : "Kuku-Khotan, the place of this strange discovery, lies within the boundaries of that province of Tenduc about which Marco Polo told so much. Its chief city was also called Tenduc, identified as the modern Kuku-Khotan ; and in the days of the Venetian's visit was ruled over by King George, the grandson of Prester John. It was then a populous and wealthy province, and the inhabitants, besides manufacturing fine armlets, for which they were famed, exported the precious stone from which azure is made. It had, however, fallen off greatly from the splendour of the days when Prester John himself ruled over the land, with Tenduc as his capital." This at once whets one's curiosity, for it revives a question which has over and over again arisen in the minds of readers young and old. Who was Prester John ? Why was he so called ? When did he live, and where ?

During many centuries has the mystery continued unsolved in spite of various kinds of testimony : the mystery of Prester John, Presbyter John, or John the Priest ; a kind of pope, half king and half priest, living in some region or other beyond reach of Europeans generally. Rumours concerning this personage can be traced back to the twelfth century. They began in France and Italy, passing from lip to lip to the effect that a certain Christian emperor dwelt in a remote part of Asia, ruling a country entirely surrounded by infidel nations. It was asserted that he had broken the power of the Saracens in many fierce encounters ; and that he was about to march westward in aid of the Crusaders, whose fortunes about that time were rather at a low ebb. All the eastern countries of Europe were at that period harassed and ravaged by the ruthless conqueror, Genghis Khan, who, after overrunning a great part of Asia, had advanced to Muscovy, Poland, and Hungary, threatening even the Emperors of Germany and Constantinople. There was thus a two-fold reason for the attention of Europe being anxiously directed towards the little-known regions of Central Asia.

The earliest known written record touching the mythical priest-king is believed to be that which is contained in Otto of Treisingen's Chronicle, written just after the middle of the twelfth century. A few years anterior to that date (the chronicle tells us) the Bishop of Cabala came to Europe to lay certain remarkable statements before the Pope. The bishop told of a king-priest called John, who lived on the further side of Persia and Armenia, and all whose people were Christians belonging to the Nestorian Church. This formidable man, it was averred, had overcome the king of the Medes and Persians, and captured his capital, Ecbatana, after a desperate three days' battle. The bishop further reported that Prester John, after this victory, was hastening to the assistance of the Christian Crusaders, who were in sore plight at Jerusalem. On the way thither, Prester John's army was prevented from crossing the Tigris for want of boats ; he therefore directed his march northward, where he was informed he could cross the river on the ice. There he long remained, the weather not being propitious for his passage, and lost so many of his troops through privations of various kinds, that he abandoned his scheme of advancing to Jerusalem, and returned to his own land.

The bishop who brought this budget of news to the Pope added : " Prester John belongs to the family of the Magi, mentioned in the Gospels ; and he rules over the very people formerly governed by the Magi. Moreover, his wealth is so great that he uses a sceptre of pure emerald.

Maimonides, a learned Jew living at the same time as Bishop Otto, made mention of a Christian chief, Preste Cuan by name, who dwelt far inland in Asia, with a numerous body of followers. Benjamin of Tudela, another learned Jew, who travelled in the East in the second half of the same century, mentioned in an account of his travels a mythical king, who lived in great splendour in a realm inhabited only by persons of the Jewish faith, situated somewhere in the centre of a great desert.

Far wilder than anything else in the stories of this mysterious potentate is a letter said to be written by Prester John to the Emperor Commenus of Constantinople, about the period now under notice. It has been tracked from one printed account to another ; but whether, where, and when the original manuscript-letter has been met with, no one now seems to know—further than it is recorded in a chronicle written many years subsequent to the alleged event. At any rate the letter is a marvel. " Prester Johannes, the Indian King," sent copies of it to the Emperor Commenus of Byzantine or Constantinople, the Emperor Frederick of Germany, Pope Alexander the Third, Louis the Seventh of France, and the King of Portugal. The epistle, after a courteous greeting, declares that seventy-two kings pay tribute to Prester John ; that his dominions extend beyond India, and westward to the desolate Babylon near the ruined Tower of Babel ; that among the inhabitants thereof are comprised wild men, men with horns, monocular or one-eyed men, men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, and giants. The letter proceeds to say : " When we go to war, we have fourteen golden and bejewelled crosses borne before us instead of banners ; each of these crosses is followed by ten thousand horsemen and a hundred thousand foot soldiers, fully armed. The Assyrians and the Brahmins are subject to us. Seven kings wait upon us monthly in turn ; with sixty-two dukes, two hundred and fifty-six marquesses and counts. Twelve archbishops sit at table with us on our right, and twenty bishops on our left." These honoured ecclesiastics are thus regarded as

more important than the kings ; the former being guests of the great man, the others waiting upon him.

Whatever was the real nature of the rumours that reached Western Europe, whether relating to Prester John or to the devastating Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes, certain it is that Pope Alexander III. sent a mission to Asia with a view of ascertaining how the truth lay. This messenger began the journey almost exactly seven centuries ago, carrying a letter from the Pope to the Prester. We are told that the name of the missioner was Philip ; but nothing authentic is known touching the result of his perilous journey—for perilous it must have been in those days.

Rubriquis, a Franciscan friar who was ready to go anywhere at the bidding of the Church authorities, was sent on a mission to Tartary, where he found reason to believe that a Nestorian chief had assumed the designation Prester John ; but there was very little to show that any nation or tribe obediently accepted his pretensions to kingship.

Marco Polo, whose name we have already mentioned, was another of the bold spirits who helped to throw a little light on a dark period of civilisation. He made a journey across Asia to the very frontier of China—a truly formidable undertaking in such times : traversing vast regions of Turkestan and Tartary in the course of his travels, and arrived at an opinion that Prester John might fairly be identified with a certain Ung Khan, to whom the Tartars paid tribute as sort of priest-king ; that, fearing his Tartars were becoming too powerful, he sent them away northward ; and that the much-dreaded Genghis Khan, making war upon Ung Khan or Prester John, slew him. A slight modification of this account is given in a manuscript known as the Syriac Chronicle of Gregory, according to which Genghis Khan was a general under Prester John, against whom he plotted, and whom he finally overcame.

By degrees all belief in the testimony concerning the existence of the mysterious king-priest in Central Asia died out. Nevertheless, the story was too captivating to be wholly eliminated from the popular mind. They could not find him in Asia on evidence deemed satisfactory ; but a rumour sprang up that Prester John's kingdom was somewhere in the heart of Africa, difficult to be got at. Geographical knowledge was in a queer state at that period ; the passage by

sea round the southern cape of Africa, known to us as the Cape of Good Hope, had not then been discovered ; the eastern coast of that continent was almost as little known, except on the Egyptian shore of the Red Sea ; while the unknown vast interior was vaguely called Ethiopia. The rumour was to the effect that a Christian king held sway in Abassia or Abyssinia, part of Ethiopia ; even Bishop Jordaeus, in his description of the world, set down Abyssinia as the dominions of Prester John.

Sir John Mandeville, honest and well-meaning, but credulous to a degree that renders his narrative deserving only of cautious reliance, spent thirty years of his life in wandering through various countries. During this lengthened period he was at one time in the service of the great Khan of Cathay, or Emperor of China ; at another in that of the Sultan of Egypt ; and at others engaged in various capacities in regions situated hither and thither over a vast area. He appears to have accepted the African theory of Prester John. His account of the adoption of this designation by the mysterious potentate is very curious : " So it befell that the emperour came with a Cristene knyghte into a chirche in Egypt ; and it was Saterday in Wythsone weke. And the bishop made orders [conducted the service], and the emperour beheld and listened the service fully tentify ; and he asked the Cristene knyghte what men of degrees thei scholden ben that the prelate had before him. And the knyghte answerede and seyde that thei scholde ben prestes. And then the emperour seyde that he wolde no long ben clept kynge ne emperour, but preest ; and that he wolde have the name of the first preest that wente out of the chirche, and his name was John ; and so evere more sithens [ever since] he is clept Prester John."

After all, the belief may be credited with having wrought some good, albeit not of the kind imagined by the believers. The Portuguese were the most enterprising maritime explorers of those days, although the lust of dominion, the love of conquest, the desire to enlarge the sphere of commerce, were the primary motives for the venturesome voyages down the Atlantic with a view to ascertain at what point the coast of Africa trended round in the direction of India ; yet the curiosity to learn something about the unreachable Prester John was not without its share of influence

on them. If he were a real personage, a veritable king or chieftain, perchance they might establish commercial relations with him. King John the Second of Portugal sent two envoys, learned in Oriental language, through Egypt to the coast of Abyssinia to assist in solving the problem. Whether the envoys ever reached their destination is not known to be on record ; at any rate, no mysterious king was found.

And so the long-standing belief gradually subsided. Gibbon summed up the matter in the following words : " The fame of Prester or Presbyter John, a khan whose power was mainly magnified by the Nestorian missionaries, and who is said to have received at their hands the rite of baptism, and even that of ordination, long amused the credulity of Europe. In its progress to Mosul, Jerusalem, Rome, &c., the story of Prester John evaporated into a monstrous fable, of which some features were borrowed from the Lama of Tibet, and were ignorantly transferred by the Portuguese to the Emperor of Abyssinia."

Mr. Baring Gould, who has examined all the available authorities concerning this story, presents the process of its dissolution thus : " The might and dominion of the King of Abyssinia, who had replaced the Tartar chief in the popular creed as Prester John, was of course greatly exaggerated, and was supposed to extend across Arabia and Asia to the Wall of China. The spread of geographical knowledge has contracted the area of the dominion ; while a critical acquaintance with history has exploded the myth which invested Üng Khan the nomad chief with the attributes of a demigod, uniting in one the utmost pretensions of a pope and the proudest claims of a monarch."

It is not a little curious, however, that down to the present day, when the myth had been pretty well relegated to the Middle Ages, the Herald's College still manages to keep it alive. Most readers know that the language of heraldry is full of technical terms ; so full indeed as to be almost unintelligible to all except those concerned in its use. The armorial bearing of the see of Chichester, it appears, contain a figure or effigy which heralds designate Prester John. Much speculation has arisen as to what this may mean. In heraldic lingo the arms of the see are thus described : " Azure, Presbyter John sitting on a tombstone with a crown on his head and glory or, his dexter hand extended,

and holding in His sinister hand a mound, on its top a cross patee or, in his mouth a sword fess-ways argent, hilt a pomel of the second, with the point to the sinister." A seal on which these armorial bearings are engrossed is said to have been in use ever since the Saxon times, for attachment to deeds relating to the cathedral estates. Alas for the Prester John theory! It is now believed, as Mr. Baring Gould informs us, that this figure or effigy was originally intended either for Our Saviour or for Saint John the Evangelist; and that it was not until after the Reformation that a new interpretation was given to it.

But now there comes this new mystery concerning a link of connection between Prester John and a Stradivarius violin. The daily journals, which have just made this curious story known to us, speculate on the probable history of the choice musical instrument, under the supposition that some Mongol or Tartar nomad had seized it from a European traveller a century or two ago: "This fiddle perchance passed from one savage hand to another; unvalued, perhaps, for its musical properties, but still respected as being fetish and full of strange noises upon very little provocation. So it has laid about in these Mongol villages for perhaps a century and a half, a thing of great mystery to its possessor, and affording on occasions a certain amount of solemn amusement to his children. That the instrument was never despised is proved by its being still intact; for had it been considered rubbish it would certainly have been in pieces long ago. Five generations of villagers have resisted in turn the temptation of breaking up the curious-looking thing for the sake of filching the odds and ends of metal and gut, and seeing what was inside its mysterious body; and in spite of all the times of trouble which the country has known during the last hundred and fifty years, the old fiddle has been handed down from father to son as one of the household gods of its humble possessors. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may be that the Mongols, exercising that ear for music which the Chinese boast that they, and they alone, possess, discovered that the queerly-shaped thing emitted musical sounds when its strings were swept, and so made Stradivarius's masterpiece contribute to the harmony of their social evenings. In the multitude of stringed instruments (all more or less grotesque in shape) known to the

East, it is just possible that this marvel of Cremona passed muster with the Tartar orchestra as a tolerable either, awkward in shape, though fair in tone. But if the violin could only retort now upon its ignorant possessors, and tell something of its past, what hideous disclosures there would be of music murdered in the convivial evenings it spent in the black felt tents of its Mongol keepers!"

From Prester John of Mongolia to Stradivarius of Cremona, what a curious link it is between mediæval and modern times!

SET IN A SILVER SEA.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XVIII. RANF CLAIMS EVANGELINE AS HIS OWN.

"I STOOD like a man in a dream gazing upon this startling union of life and death—of death in its most chilling aspect, of life in its fairest. And yet, although it was apparent to me that the years that had passed since I last looked upon my mother's face had not improved her, the manner of her death was such as she would have deserved had she lived a worthier life. Both sleep and death were peaceful, and the fresh pure breath of innocence flowed over the form of one from whose lips I had never heard the expression of a gentle thought.

"My mother had not been long dead; her body still retained the warmth of life but just departed. She must have hushed the child to sleep, and lying by her side, have yielded up her spirit to its Creator. The fever of her life was spent. She had lived the full span, but I doubted if there existed a human creature who, hearing she had gone, would have said, 'Rest in peace.' Like a weed run to waste lay my mother; like a sweet and lovely flower lay the child. By what mysterious link were living sunrise and dead night united? I searched the hut for a clue, and I made two discoveries: one of a few pieces of gold in a wooden cup, the other of a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written in straggling characters which I recognised as my mother's, 'Ranf—Mauvain,' and beneath these names, another, 'Evangeline.' There was nothing strange in the circumstance of my mother thus bringing into association the two beings most closely connected with her life; but that their names should be written in a

Bible! Here was matter for reflection. Not only to my knowledge had my mother never possessed a Bible, but I had never known her open the pages of one. The book I held then in my hand was small, and was fastened with silver clasps; some of the leaves stuck together, probably from damp, a proof that it had been lately but little used. I put it carefully away, and it is now in the hut in which I am making this record.

"The discovery of the gold and the Bible afforded no clue to the mystery of the child's presence; for the third name, Evangeline, which I supposed to be the child's, was not of any value as testimony. The only other unaccustomed object which rewarded my search was a baby's shoe.

"It hurt me that the sleeping child should be so close to death, and I gathered and made a bed of dry leaves upon the ground, and softly raising the child, placed her upon it. A spirit of hope and happiness entered my heart as I held the beautiful flower in my arms. The child had been sent to me from heaven; faithfully would I guard the sacred trust.

"I carried the body of my mother from the hut, and laid it in the forest's shade, in a spot suitable for a grave, which I determined to dig that night. Then I returned to the hut, and sat by the side of the child, waiting for her to awake. I felt that a terrible ordeal awaited me in the moment of her awaking from her slumber. If she shrank from me, terrified at my uncouth appearance, I vowed never to meet the face of man again. I would go and herd with the beasts, as being fit only for the society of the lower creatures of the earth. A judgment was about to be pronounced upon me.

"The child opened her eyes, and looked at me calmly and without fear. I held out my arms to her, and she accepted the shelter. Tears of gratitude rolled down my beard. All my life I had been fighting with demons; now, an angel was on my side.

"I sat with her little hand in mine, and her soft cheek nestling against my hairy face. Only for a few moments did I allow myself the enjoyment of this new and wonderful happiness, being impressed with the necessity of finding a home for the child, in which she could receive womanly care and attention. I knew of but one such within easy distance, a house almost as lonely as my mother's hut, in which in

former years I had seen a woman at work; it was called the forest farm. Throwing an old shawl of my mother's round the child, I proceeded in the direction of the farm, taking with me the gold I had found in the cup. The sun was setting when I reached my destination. The rooks were clustering for rest; an old man was driving a cow into a shed; a dog rushed at me, and stood stock-still, arrested in his contemplated attack by my disregard of him, and another, a savage beast, secured by a stout chain, came from his kennel, and growled at me furiously. I took no notice of these creatures, but walked straight to the door of the farm-house, and pushing it open, saw the woman who lived there when I was a lad. She had grown prematurely old; the healthy colour in her face had fled, and her hair was almost white. She stared at me in terror, and made as though she would fly from me.

"'There is no cause for fear,' I said; 'I am not a ghost. My name is Ranf.'

"The announcement did not tend to compose her.

"'Ranf!' she cried. 'The deformed son of the evil woman in the hut yonder!'

"'The same,' I replied. 'I carry my credentials on my shoulders.'

"'The good Lord save us!' she ejaculated.

"'Amen,' I said.

"'We heard you were dead.'

"'It is not true, you see. You knew my mother.'

"'I have seen her.'

"'It is she who is dead.'

"'What is that to me?'

"'Nothing. I have come to ask you to do a Christian act.'

"'I will have nothing to do with her!' screamed the woman. 'I will not touch the witch!'

"'Witch or no witch,' I said, discovering the reputation my mother had gained for herself, 'she is done with this world. I come on behalf of the living, not the dead. See here, dame; you will not turn me away—you would not have the heart! I have no home to offer this little one. She needs a woman's care; I have gold, and can pay you.'

"'Yes, yes,' muttered the woman; 'we are poor.'

"I knew that my object was gained, and I gave the child into her arms. She looked at our faces, comparing them.

"'Not yours?' she asked.

"Mine," I replied boldly.

"I have seen some of Nature's tricks," she said, "but never such a trick as this."

"Nature owed me reparation," I said, "and she makes it in the form of this child. It is a trick on the right side, dame. Better the little one should be comely and fair than in my likeness."

"It is better, yes, it is better; but I am thinking of the mother."

"The child has no mother."

"Dead!"

"Dead!" I repeated mechanically.

"Then, the woman's poverty being on my side, I made terms with her, paying her in advance, and saying I should come every day to see my child. So I tenderly kissed the little one and left her."

"It was night before I got back to my hut. Everything was as I had left it; nothing had been disturbed. I was careful in my observation of things, deeming it possible that some person connected with the child would visit the hut. There was, however, no sign. Another duty was to be performed before I retired to rest; my mother's grave was not yet dug. It was soon done, and in the solemn stillness of the night I laid the inanimate clay in its forest bed. I covered it with sweet herbs and piled the earth above it. 'Good-night, mother,' I said; 'your death has brought sunlight to my soul.' Then I threw myself upon the bed of leaves I had made for Evangeline, and enjoyed such repose as had not visited me for years."

"I was up early in the morning, and off to the forest farm. The child had been well cared for, and to my delight seemed to recognise me. She came to me willingly, and I took her into the open, and talked and sang to her, making her laugh, and laughing with her. I was enjoying my own childhood, of which I had been robbed. Everything in earth and air wore a new robe, the robe of spring. The clouds were brighter, the earth more fragrant, the woodland voices sweeter, than they had ever been. Such happiness, Evangeline, did you bring to a man driven almost to despair by misfortune and injustice."

"Months passed without the occurrence of any event to disturb my new and better life. No person came near the hut to inquire for Evangeline; the mystery which surrounded her was not touched by time. Needless to say here that it occupied my thoughts. From whom had my

mother obtained the child, and for what reason had so sweet a flower been doomed to seclusion and to companionship utterly unsuitable to childhood? I could supply no answer to these questions, and fearful that my happiness should be disturbed, I kept myself secluded, and sought no society but that of Evangeline and the woman who had charge of her.

"I renewed my woodland studies. I had no longer any books to assist me, but I found sufficient to interest me in the forest around my hut. Who is it who said, placing his hand upon a mossy glade, 'Beneath this palm is more than enough for the study of a lifetime.' It is true. We need not go abroad to learn."

"At length a new direction was given to the calm current of my life. The hunting season commenced, and as in the days of Mauvain's prosperity, the forest resounded with the music of the horn, the barking of dogs, and the voices of men. I recognised at once the importance of this change, and out of the possibilities which might spring from it I could extract no good sign for me or Evangeline. My thoughts naturally reverted to Mauvain. Had he returned from exile, and renewed his old life of selfish pleasures? Curiosity conquered prudence, and one morning I found myself on the road leading to the fine house in which I had left my mother when I went forth into the world. Yes, it was tenanted, and by a gay company. What did this forebode to me? Discovery! How avoid it? To fly from the forest was not to be thought of. There was no place in the world for me, and I dared not subject Evangeline to a renewal of the sufferings I had undergone."

"I retraced my steps to the hut, so wrapt in thought that I did not observe the approach of a storm. Night came on quickly with the darkening of the clouds. The wind howled round my hut; the rain poured down in a deluge."

"It was only the day before that I had discovered the dream-flower; I had searched for it for weeks, the spot in which it originally grew having undergone change from tempest, perhaps from such a tempest as that now raging through the forest. It was well to be indoors on such a night. Heaven help those poor creatures who, in such weather, have no roof to cover their heads!"

"I was busy with the flowers, distilling the liquid from the slender stems, when, in the midst of the storm, I heard a beating

at the door. Had discovery come? Had I been seen and tracked? I waited in silence. The knocking was renewed.

"Do the dead live here?" cried a voice.

"No," I answered.

"Open the door," cried the man without, in an insolent tone, "or I will beat it down."

The threat did not alarm me; the door was securely barred, and more than a man's strength was needed to force an entrance.

"Your tone is not civil," I said; "seek shelter elsewhere."

"There is none near. I have a lady with me; for the love of God give her shelter till I obtain assistance to convey her home! If you refuse it will be worse for you in fine weather than it is for us in foul!"

A little reflection was sufficient to convince me that my best course was compliance. I unbarred the door, and a man entered, carrying in his arms a young and beautiful woman in a state of insensibility.

"Who in the devil's name are you?" he asked, when he had laid his burden down.

"A mis-shapen man," I replied, "upon whom you need not waste a thought. Do you belong to one of the hunting parties?"

"Yes, and having been overtaken by the storm, have lost our way in this bewildering forest. My lady here, whom I was attending, got separated from her party; her horse threw her, and mine ran away, like a sensible and unfaithful brute, when I jumped down to assist her."

"What do you propose to do?"

"To go for a carriage, if you will show me a way out of this wilderness."

I asked him in which direction he wished to go, and he answered in the direction of Mauvain's house. He did not mention Mauvain's name, and for my part, troubled as I was by the thought that this adventure was almost certain to bring me bad fortune, I did not prompt him to it.

The lady lay insensible upon the ground, and I said it would be best to wait till she recovered, else she would be terrified at finding herself alone in my lonely hut. So we waited awhile, and presently she opened her eyes. Then the man, speaking in a more deferential tone than that he used to me, explained to her the position of affairs, and begged her respectfully to keep within the shelter they had gained until he suc-

ceeded in bringing her a carriage to convey her from the forest. There was reason in his words, for the storm had increased in fury, and it was impossible for so delicate a creature to venture out in it afoot.

"But I cannot stay here alone," she said, after assenting to the plan; "it would be too terrible."

"If you will have courage for a few minutes," I said, "I will return when I have shown your servant the way out of the forest."

She consented by a gesture, and I accompanied her servant from the hut, and put him on his road.

"If anyone speaks to you of this," he said, "you will bear me harmless."

"Hope shone upon me in this expression of fear. You have a hard master, then?"

"Hard and soft," he replied.

"I understand. Hard to those beneath him, soft to those above him."

"You are right and wrong; it is dangerous to anger him."

"Is my lady his wife?"

"No."

"His daughter?"

"No."

"A blood relation, then?"

"Ask no more questions. What she is to him and he to her is none of your business."

"True. I will hold you harmless on one condition."

"It is cool of you to make conditions. What am I to do in return?"

"Say nothing of me. Do not mention that you have seen such a man as I in the forest."

"That is easy. Agreed."

"Enough said, then. Follow this path to the left for a quarter of a mile, and you will see the house before you."

I was about to leave him when he laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"I warn you," he said. "Be civil to my lady, or you will find yourself in a hornet's nest."

"You are more fool than knave," I replied. "Speed swiftly back, and take my lady home to my lord."

I myself sped quickly to my hut, with a feeling curiously mingled of pity and contempt for the fair creature to whom I had given shelter. "What she is to him and he to her is none of your business." These words seemed to brand the woman with shame.

"But when I saw her sitting at my table with an expression of deepest sadness

on her face, pity only filled my breast. Truly she was fair, and innocent and pure-minded unless Nature lied. Her servant had maligned her.

"I returned as soon as I could," I said; "I will stay outside the hut if you wish it."

"Why should you do that?" she asked, with a wistful look.

"I am not generally a favourite," I said bluntly; "my shape is against me."

"You are to be pitied for it."

"Her plaintive voice brought tears to my eyes, and she, observing them, asked me to pardon her.

"You have seen misfortune," she said.

"The bitterest; but I have lived through it. It is not often that man or woman, looking upon me for the first time, have given me greeting as kind as yours."

"I, too, have seen misfortune," she said with a sigh. "Do you live here alone?"

"Yes."

"Have you no kindred? Are you utterly, utterly alone?"

"No," I said softly, "I have a child."

"She turned from me with a sob of grief, and for a little while no further words were spoken. I wondered to see so young and winsome a woman in such trouble, but life's storms spare neither high nor low, rich nor poor. It occurred to me that her sorrow might have some association with a child, and I was about to ask her, when I noticed (her left hand being ungloved) that she wore no wedding-ring; so I refrained, and waited until she chose to break the silence.

"You have a child! How happy you must be! A girl!"

"Yes."

"I hope, not——" But she stopped

suddenly, and bit her lip, with red blood showing on her face.

"No," I said, "not like me. She is well formed."

"I am glad—forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive."

"Love is expressed in your voice. You would not like to lose your child."

"I should not care to live without her."

"She shivered, as though she were cold. There was a fire in the hut, and I urged her to draw nearer to it for warmth, but she refused. On the table, imbedded in earth, lay some shoots of the dream-flower. She asked the name of the flower, and I told her.

"The dream-flower!" she said, in a low tone. "Does it really make you dream?"

"It has in it qualities which induce sleep, and, sometimes, happy dreams."

"Ah!" she sighed. "If I could dream my life over again! Of what might have been! Of love so sweet and beautiful, of love so base and treacherous! I should commence with my childhood, and I should linger there, among calm and happy days. Let me think of them, let me think of them, and of those who loved me! If I could have died then, with loving hands clasping mine! But it was not to be. I was doomed to live and suffer. Father, sister, child, torn from me——"

"She had risen, and was standing by the side of a shelf on which was the baby's shoe I had found in the hut on my return home. She took it from the shelf, and pressing it to her lips, burst into a passion of blinding tears, and sank to the ground, crying:

"Oh, baby! baby! Oh, my heart! my heart!"

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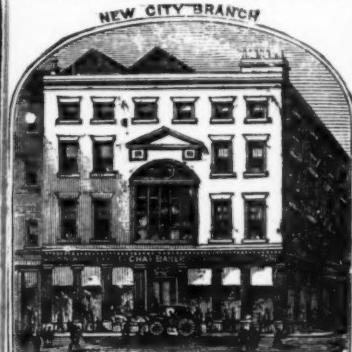
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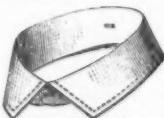
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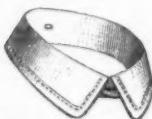
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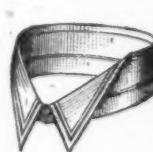
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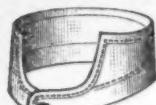


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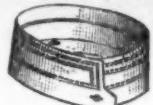
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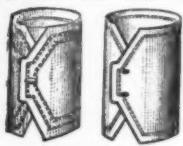


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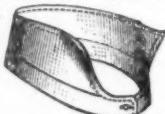
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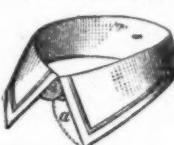


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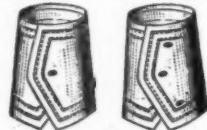


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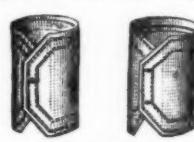
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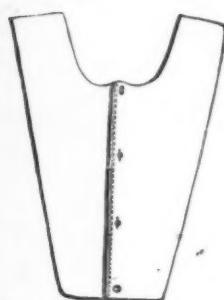
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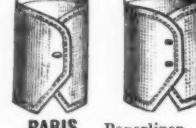
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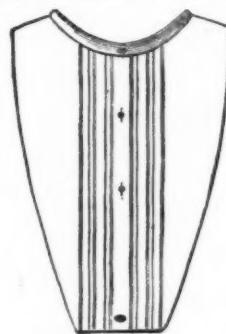


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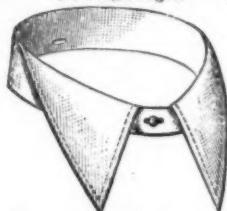
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Quality III. II. I.

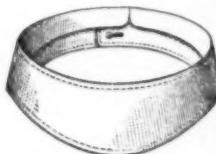
Per Gross 9s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 11s. 6d.

Per Dozen 10d. 11d. 1s.

Clerical-Collar.

This we believe to be the most perfect

Clergymans Collar yet made.



UNIVERSITY. Linen faced.

Sizes: From 14 to 18 Inch.

Quality III. II. I.

Per Gross 12s. 14s. 16s.

Per Dozen 1s. 2d. 1s. 4d. 1s. 6d.

Assortments to facilitate choice of patterns.

I: Collars 10 different shapes assorted in one given Size 1s.—

II: Cuffs 6 pair of different shapes " " " 1s.—

III: Shirt fronts 4 different shapes " " " 1s.—

will be forwarded to any part of the country on receipt of value in P. O. O. or Stamps; purchaser paying postage or other means of transit. The purchaser can select the shapes he wishes to receive.

General Remarks.

All articles manufactured by Messrs. Mey & Edlich, bearing their above trade-mark, are warranted of the best material, and are remarkable for their great accuracy of cut and stitching.

The Collars, provided the **proper size** be selected, possess a peculiar superiority, taking the precedence of collars made solely of linen, inasmuch as the latter after frequent washing, bad ironing, or over-starching are apt to irritate the skin and more or less to lose their original form, whereas the paperlinen collars retain their original form and **always fit**.

The chief point for the wearer is the exact size that he requires, he need then be under no apprehension of the button-hole bursting. The superior quality of the material is a sufficient guarantee against it.

Illustrated Extracts from Price-List sent postage free, on application.

The large illustrated Catalogue, forwarded postage free, on receipt of four penny stamps.

Paper Collars have been becoming more and more during the past few years a bye word and source of sneer and rightly so, as they have for the sake of Cheapness been made of the most common materials, at once an annoyance and disgrace to the wearer, an annoyance from the bursting of button holes! a disgrace from the coarse appearance and dingy look inseparable from low qualities.

This branch of manufacture we have studied in Paris and Leipzig for many years with the aim of raising it to a position worthily to compete with the best linen articles, in this we have not only succeeded in actual fineness of texture, but have far exceeded in Purity of whiteness and finish the best Laundry work. Strength has been a first consideration and has our guarantees, the fear of a hearty sneeze proving fatal to the beauty of a Gentlemans toilet being quite removed!!!

The travelling public will find in our goods every element essential to comfort, those going on the Continent know from experience the endless trouble as well as expense this portion of their outfit has caused them, how to avoid this they **knew not!** to wear common paper Collars they **could not!!** the inconveniences had therefore to be borne as beat could. This is all to be avoided by the use of our Collars, Cuffs and fronts, they being superior to Linen in distinctness of outline, better fit, never lose their form, always new. The variety of depths, shapes, and sizes ensure a comfortable fit to every Variety of neck.

The voyager by sea will **find in these goods**, all that we have said respecting them under the head of traveller but to him or her the remarks more emphatically apply seeing that they are cut off from the possibility of renewing their soiled linen articles.

Our linen faced goods for Gentlemen are in their branch unique.

The paperlinen Cuffs and Collars for Ladies being without equal!!!

All our collars and cuffs fit exactly and do not chafe the skin, as badly ironed Linen Collars and Cuffs often do.

Every one, wearing Collars, Cuffs or fronts, is invited to make a trial, the result of which we feel confident will be the adoption of our Paperlinen and Linen faced Collars, Cuffs and fronts.

Sold by Dozen or Gross.

Exact addresses, legibly written, are particularly requested. Add to the address Post Office.

Post office orders and cheques to be made payable to the order of

Mr. P. PRINGLE,
116 Newgate Street,
LONDON E. C.

Letters and orders to be addressed to

Messrs. MEY & EDLICH,
116 Newgate Street,
LONDON E. C.

LADIES' COLLARS AND CUFFS.



FIGARO
double.



FIGARO
tucked.



FIGARO
gaufré.



DELA.



DELA.
tucked.



DELA.
gaufré.

Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 6 to 10½ Inch.
Quality III. II. I.
Per Gross Pair 7s. 9d. 8s. 6d. 10s.
Per Dozen Pair 8d. 9d. 11d.

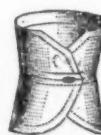
Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 7½ to 10½ Inch.
Quality III. II. I.
Per Gross Pair 9s. 9d. 9s. 9d. 11d.
Per Dozen Pair 10d. 11d. 11s.



LUCCA. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 7 to 10 Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross Pair 14s. 17s.
Per Dozen Pair 1s. 3d. 1s. 6d.



FORTUNE. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 12½ to 16 Inch.
Quality III. I.
Per Gross 4s. 5s.
Per Dozen 5d. 6d.



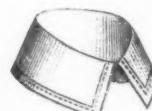
VICTORIA. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 7 to 9½ Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross Pair 11s. 16s.
Per Dozen Pair 1s. 5d.



GAUFRÉ. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 6½ to 10 Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross Pair 9s. 6d. 11s.
Per Dozen Pair 10d. 1s.



DELA. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 12½ to 16 Inch.
Quality III. I.
Per Gross 4s. 5s.
Per Dozen 5d. 6d.



DELA tucked. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 11½ to 15 Inch.
Quality I.
Per Gross 8s. 6d. Per Dozen 9d.
Linen faced Quality II.
Per Gross 11s. 6d. Per Dozen 1s.



LINCOLN rond. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 13 to 17½ Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross 4s. 9d. 6s. 6d.
Per Dozen 5d. 7d.



VICTORIA plissé. Paperlinen Extra Quality:
Sizes: From 7 to 9½ Inch.
Paperlinen Extra Quality:
Per Gross Pair 19s.
Per Dozen Pair 1s. 8d.



MARCA p. m. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 6½ to 10 Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross Pair 9s. 6d. 11s.
Per Dozen Pair 10d. 1s.



RINK. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 13 to 17½ Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross 5s. 6d. 7s.
Per Dozen 6d. 8d.



GRANT. Paperlinen.
Sizes: From 12 to 20 Inch.
Quality II. I.
Per Gross 4s. 5s. 6d.
Per Dozen 5d. 6d.

1.
d.
s.



IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE, A

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a tension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require sometime to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observation of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13*½*d. and 2*s*. 9*d*. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "**NORTON'S PILLS**," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

GODFREY'S
EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

IS strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

STEEDMAN'S
SOOTHING POWDERS
FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, in some of which the outside Label and the coloured Paper enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "**JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey,**" are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with two EE's.

Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and
Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors,
in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

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